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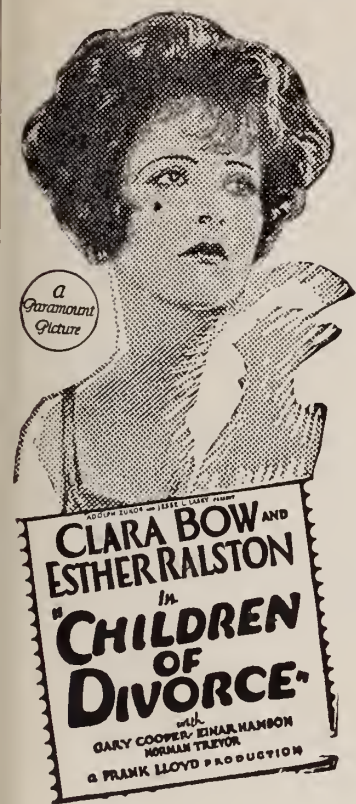
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Mabel says that only the trees in the
picnic grounds know the forest's prime
evil.—*Cougar's Paw.*

"Jack kissed me last night."
"Well, did you sit on him for it?"
"Of course I did!"—*Green Gander.*

It used to be polite to let a girl get on
a car first. Now it's a treat.—*Drexford.*

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Fear not if she screams at your kiss.
Some girls just can't control their happiness.—*Pup.*

She—"Say, is my neck dirty or is it just my imagination?"

He—"Oh your neck's clean a'right."
—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

"Walking to reduce, girlie?"

"Hell, no! Reduced to walking."
—*Chaparral.*

Teacher—"What was the Tower of Babel?"

Prep—"Wasn't that where Solomon kept his five hundred wives?"
—*Green Gander.*

Off—"Why is a girl like a candle?"

Color—"I'll bite, why?"

Off—"Because they're both hot when they're lit."—*Pup.*



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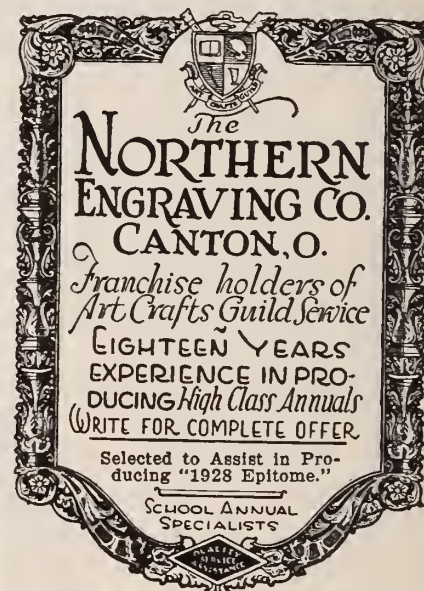
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Minister—"I pronounce you man and wife. Now the ring please."

Vaudeville Magician (as he reaches in his vest pocket and pulls forth a rabbit)—"Mercy, that's the wrong act."

—Jug.

He—"Let's get married!"

Her—"Fine, who'll have us?"

—Dirge.

Even before the advent of the self-starter they carried the cranks in the back seats.—Chaparral.

He—"What is the matter?"

She (crying)—"Last Thanksgiving, John told me my hair looked just like a mop!"

He—"Well, why cry now?"

She—"I saw what a mop looked like today."—Dirge.



When the plutarchs start plutarching

AT THE night sessions, when class philosophers vie with class Merry Andrews in deciding the heavy problems of the world—or burlesquing them — notice the royal guest, Prince Albert. Chiming in with the spirit of the occasion. Filling the air with the finest tobacco-aroma ever.

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*Pretty face, lips that dare,
Enhancing eyes of melting blue,
Flowing streams of golden hair,
Piquant beauty, what can you do?
But love.*



THE LEHIGH BURR



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MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGE COMICS OF THE EAST

Office hours every Wednesday from 7:30 to 8:30 P. M. in the Burr room. All contributors should be present.

CONTRIBUTORS

Bent
Jaekel
Neath
Toadvine
Maverick

Fox
Chickering
Sax
Heyman
Adams

Lydon
Bloom
J. L. Myer
Rotthaus
Lyter

DOLLY DEB'S DAIRY

Thurs., April 28. How horridly my head ached this afternoon after that nasty train ride! I do hope that Rocco drives me home. Rocco asked me this afternoon if I wouldn't have something to drink, but I wasn't thirsty. I wonder why he kept pressing me? And why he said he had a flat tire? He didn't stop to change any. The Cotillion was charming, but I feel so tired, and it is nearly two o'clock, so I must retire.

Friday, April 29. After lunch we chatted and told stories. I think I understand the girls a little now. Rocco's room mate Ogden asked me to go riding this afternoon. I think he is studying osteopathy. He uses such words! I tried to smoke a ciggie, and coughed, and the chaperone laughed at me, the old huzzy. Before dinner one of the girls helped me trim my pink party dress, and I made a cute scarf to go with it. At the Prom tonight Roc brought me some punch. I felt so refreshed and danced so much better. Af-



ter the Prom Roc took me riding. We didn't go very far, but I enjoyed it immensely. Roc is so romantic! And so silent! Goodness, it's four o'clock already!

Sat., April 30. I went out riding with Oggie this afternoon and had a hell of a good time. Boys are all alike, at least Roc and Oggie are. Tonight we started for an-

other house to dance, but I like riding better—so we went riding. Roc is so attentive!

Sunday, May 1. Up in time to have dinner and catch the train. I had a good time, and Roc is pretty nice. I'm afraid to call it love. What shall I call it? But I should shrug—it netted me two more party bids.



She: "I always try to enjoy myself as much as I can."

It: "Good idea. Nobody else can."

"Did you tip the waiter?"

"I certainly did, and he hasn't gotten up yet."

Butter and Eggs: "Am I the first man you ever loved?"

Former Prom Trotter: "Yes, all the rest were college boys."

Bo: "I hate to think of a young lady wearing a corset."

Zo: "Yeh, how come?"

Bo: "It's so horrid to see a girl tight."

Joe Mope says: After observing some of the house party girls in their Prom gowns, I've decided that woman, not her wrongs, ought to be redressed.

Globe Trotter: "Have you been to the Occident?"

Affected Mrs. New-Rich: "No reahly! Was anyone hurt?"

Fat Lady, after a bath—"Feel as though I lost ten pounds!"

Cracker: "Lord, you must have been dirty!"



Betty—"You're smothering me."

Paul—"Shall I stop?"

Betty—"No; smother me."

*It is always good to be nice,
But not always nice to be good.*

Mrs. Cohen—"Oi, vot a huto-mobil hexidunt vas by us dese monnik!"

Mrs. Kibitzer—"Mine gootnitz, vos it anywan hurt?"

Mrs. Cohen—"Oi, mine poor liddle Aby."

Mrs. Kibitzer—"Bettly?"

Mrs. Cohen—"About two thous-and dollars' voit."

Jack—"I had a bad spill on the ice yesterday."

Jill—"How much did you spill?"

FRATERNALLY SPEAKING

Man with cold in the head —
"D. U. care if Phi Sig?"

Matrimony, as defined by the modernist, is merely a little formality by which a woman gets alimony.

NO MORE BACK BREAKING
WORK STAINING AND WAX-
ING FLOORS — CHEW NAVY
PLUG.

Footpad: "Hands up or I'll
shoot!"

(Drunk elevates one hand.)

Footpad: "Get 'em both up!"

Drunk: "Hic—why should I—
hic—I'm half shot already."

WHAT THEY THINK ABOUT HOUSE PARTIES

General Smedley Butler—"I'll
clean them up if I have to go my-
self."

Judge Jr.—"Hot time, no end."

William Tilden—"Love game."

Calvin Coolidge—"Hmmm."

Eleanor Glyn—"Read my book
on it."

Sing Sing Warden—"Perfectly
shocking."

Dr. Frank Crane—"The secret
of success is salesmanship, girls."

Gene Tunney—"K. O."

George Olsen—"One thousand
is the amount."



"I hear Mary was much em-
barrassed at the game yesterday."

"How come?"

"Her knitted skirt got caught
on the linesman's stick just as the
quarterback made a ninety yard
run."

WHERE'S HOWE?

A SEARCHING NOVEL OF THE NIGHT.

The gay party was at its height, as were the dresses of the frolickers. Everyone was enjoying himself or his neighbor to the utmost. Suddenly someone raised the cry of "Where's Howe?" Since he was the host, the query was not especially out of place, but a hurried search under the tables failed to reveal the redoubtable Mr. Howe.

Far above the jovial scene lay the apartment of Mr. Howe, but he was nowhere to be found; the orderly room gave no evidence of foul play. Howe was not in the next room, nor the next. But in the bathroom lay, or rather sat, the tragic secret. Ensnared in a brimming tub of water, hot once, but now as cold as the heart of a party queen, was Mr. Howe. A demoniacal gleam lighted his eye, and his breath came in sobs. He dived, and came up with a wild cry. He stole slowly under the water's surface, and emerged again with a crazy shriek. Mad laughter rent the air. Gradually he grew weaker, until—but we must leave the horrible details to your fertile imagination. Such was the whereabouts of Howe, who used soap, but not Ivory.

THE LAMENT

*Statistics is an awful gripe'
It keeps us up till late at night—
Grinding, cramming, boning, stuff-
ing—
Work like Hell and don't learn
nothing.*

*Customer—"Are those dough-
nuts fresh?"*

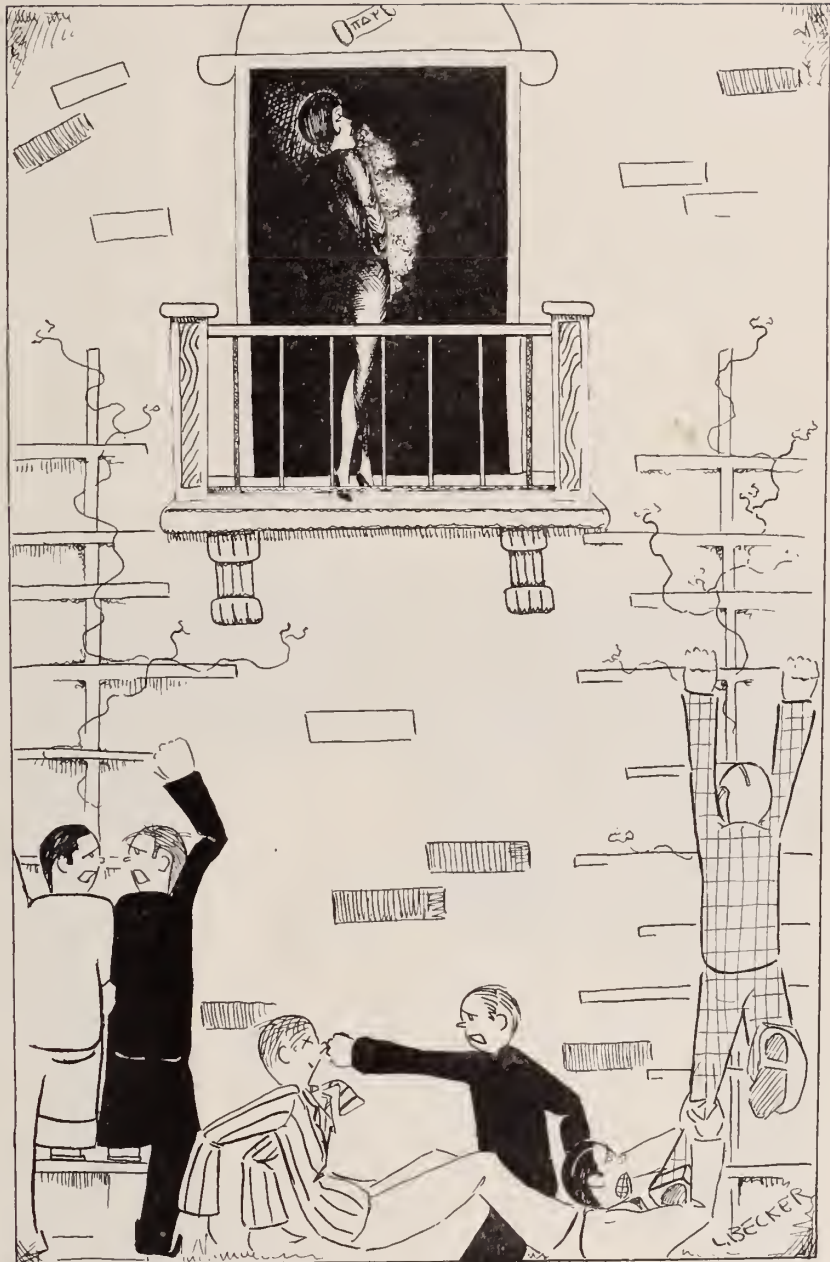
*Clerk—"I don't know, madame.
I've only been here a week."*

Joe Mope says that chiropodists
are very callous doctors.

HE MAY HAVE BEEN A
BUM MUSICIAN BUT HE
PLAYED ON A LARGE SCALE.

The House Party Queen says
that the best looking man she ever
saw had a pug nose, big ears and
drove a long cream colored Rolls.

"Where'd you get that shiner?"
"I didn't know the difference
between NO and no."



In the Springtime young men's fancies
Turn kerflop to thoughts of love,
As they cope with mundane business
Thinking e'er of heaven above.

Brother (at room-mate's door)—
"Is Bill in there?"

Party Girl—"He's not with me."

Bill (after brother had left)—
"What did you mean by telling Ed that I wasn't with you?"

Party Girl—"Well, you know, 'He who is not with me is against me.'"

"This is the end," said the monkey as his tail caught in the clothes wringer.

"Listen Jane, tell me what happened after we all drank to 'Old Lehigh'."

"I was just going to ask you."

"Little girl, does your mother know you're at the House Party?"

"Oh yes, she's here too. Dad's in Europe now."

"Where's my husband staying all this time—still in the cellar?"

"Yes, he's down there watching it."



Dudley—"What would you do if some young salesman waited on you while you were buying teddies?"

Helen—"I think I would have a fit."

HOW ADAM LOST HIS RIB

In Three Parts

ACT I—*Garden of Eden.*

Enter Adam, wearing a broad grin.

Enter Eve, smiling slightly.

Adam—"Whoops, my dear, let's be off to admire the moon."

Eve—"Yes, I'm rather chilly."

Exit eagerly.

ACT II—*Adam and Eve parked in the folds of a dinosaur's shade.*

Enter Angel, the "Demon Chaperone."

Angel—"You two leave at once! I'll have no vulgar necking when I'm chaperone."

Adam—"Hell, who asked you to."

ACT III—*Outside.*

Eve—"Now see what you've done". (*Loses her smile and nearly catches pneumonia.*)

Adam—"But, dear, I——"

Enter Snake (*parlor variety*).

Snake—"Hello, little girl. Want to go for a walk?"

Eve—"I soitenly would."

Exit Eve and Snake.

Adam peters out.

A tinkling crash rent the midnight stillness.

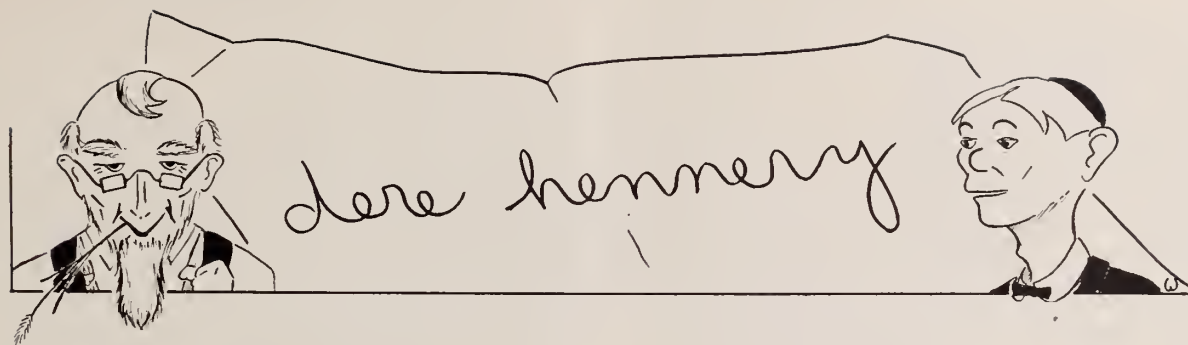
The young man sat beside it on the curbstone and wept.

The Girl—"They say she never appears very anxious to see her boy friends."

The Boy—"Yes, I notice she always turns out the lights."

Hot—"I hear you were arrested last night for driving under the influence of liquor."

Tamale—"Yes, my wife was stewed to the gills."



LETTER OF A HOME-MADE FATHER TO HIS SON

dere hennery,

i rote yu a letter last weak but i forgot tu male it so i guess yu won't get it. enyway there wusnt much news in it eecepting thet yur ma and me hev got a divorce. we thot we mite as well becuuz we were in paris and competishun hez put the price of them down reel cheap.

last weak we wer in switeceland and it wuz a nice cuntry all right hennery but its all up and down. wen we went walking they made us carry funny things they call alpine stocks. they luk just like the ice ax hank simmins has on his ice waggin. yur brother emmet was plain a round with one and then he comes in and drank tu much of this here vermissey and got put in jail. he wanted me tu bail him out but i didnt becuuz he seamed to be getting rid of it quick enuff all by himself. yur ma didnt go wakking with us becuuz a englishman promised to take her tu sea won of these yoadels yu hear so much a bout.

du yu remember that plase i tole yu a bout ware streat cars are botes, and the taxis are called gondolers? well, we went thear and it wuz all right except yur ma wuzent able to sleap a wink becuuz these hear gondoler fellers keep howling all night. the street ware yu ride are al so sewars and yur brother emmet said it reminded him of his days at laffeyet, only he thinks it isent strong here. then we went tu the lido wich is near venice and it haz a beech for bathing just like the lake at higgins corners, only it is a bout ninety per sent better becuuz people only ware a bout ten % ez many clothes. the women go thare to get sun berned, and as far as i could figure out the only part of them thet doesent get berned is the soals of thear feet.

we al so went to germany and this plase called hydelburg witch they built for that moving pickchure, the stewdent prints. wile we were ther i wuz gonna call a yellow taxi, but yur brother emmet sed that they wer only drinking caps witch the stewdents wer waring just like they do at lelih. yu dont drink out of a hat du yu hennery.

we are now in belchum, and hennery the belchins doant seem to be very well edicated. very few of them can speak english. thear in belchum we got sum eyetalian spagetti and yur ma nearly choked to death but we unravelled it and then i got a hold of the end and pulled it out so she is all right now.

i am doing a little stepping out all by myself now thet we are divorced only i wudent want yur mother tu find it out. the uther nite i went tu won of these cabarays and wud yu believe it hennery, i drank three glasses of wine. wen i got back tu the hotel i got in the rong room. dont yu ever come to yurope, hennery.

wile we were in belcun we had sum of them brus-sels sprouts, but i dont sea so much a bout them, hennery. yu wud hev been disapointed in them becuuz they aint nuthing but cabbages just like we hev on the farm, only thear growth was stunted wile they were yung.

wen yu next here frum me i will probably be on the briney deep, becuuz i want tu sea what yu are up tu. and dont let eny of them college widows get unwidowed on yu, hennery.

yur affeeshunate pa

BORDEN ROOM.



Your eyes——?

As blue as little wavelets in the breeze,
Or August skies unmarred by any cloud,
Like little stars on summer nights, they shine,
Or vagrant moonbeams piercing leafy trees.

I love——your eyes.

Your lips——?

A little ruby-colored Cupid's bow,
That artists strive to catch but cannot paint.
Sweeter than dusty bottles of old wine
Stored in a castle cellar long ago.

I love——your lips.

Your cheeks——?

Carved as from ivory by a master hand,
Tinted as clouds by morning's red-gold sun,
Their blush a fitting rival of the rose,
Or tiny shells half-hidden by sea sand.

I love——your cheeks.

Your hair——?

A symphony of fine spun, copper strands,
Its perfume like a haunting melody,
Played by the wind upon an April day,
Woven as if by long-skilled fairy hands.

I love——your hair.

Just you——?

A dream-girl fashioned as the mists of morn,
A song—the whispering of the willow tree,
A priceless painting or a glistening jewel,
From some old Eastern temple rudely torn.

I love——just you.

THE REFORMER

A Cheshire grin from ear to ear
And year to year.

Across the table top he peers.
(We fear he leers.)

With handshake like a soggy
sponge,
Or muskalonge.

Uncanny nose for censored brew,
And mountain dew.

A voice that drips with honeyed
words
Like mocking birds.

His glistening, shining, ivory pate
Rules our fate.

ABSENT MINDEDNESS

She—"John, do you know that
sheep are the stupidest creatures
living?"

He (absent mindedly)—"Yes,
my lamb."

"Don't go to see that show. It's
no good."

"Why, what's the matter with
it?"

"The chorus wears negligee in
the second act!"

IF WE WERE TRUTHFUL

Dearest Helen:

"I've been intending to write
for quite some time (*but not to
you*), but you know how busy we
college men are (*trying to get
dates for House Party*). I have a
most delightful surprise for you
(*I'll bet it's a surprise after your
very clear hint*). Can you come to
House Parties? (*now I've done
it—but I've got to have someone*).
It would be wonderful if you could
(*oh, why couldn't Mary come?*).
Please let me know and I'll start
celebrating (*better now than
later*).

All my love (*to Mary*),

JACK.



"Gosh, but this is a dead place."

"And prithee, Augustus, who
lives in the greenhouse?"

"Aha, Parmenides, it's Mrs.
Green."

A RUN IN THE STOCKING
DOES NOT NECESSARILY
MEAN A FAST WOMAN.

Dear old Jack:

You wonderful, wonderful boy
(*you do have lots of money and
good Scotch*). Of course I'll come
(*why do you think I was so nice to
you at the last party?*). It seems
too good to be true (*that Tom is
going to be there stag*), to think of
you're asking me (*you certainly
were slow at taking the hint*). I've
often dreamed of coming down to
your House (*ever since Tom trans-
ferred*), and best of all is the
thought of seeing you (*Ha, ha*).

Love and kisses (*try and get
them*),

HELEN.



Helen—"Do you know what my grandmother does every night?"

Jack—"How old is she?"

Joe Mope says: Since the au-
tomobile has come in there doesn't
seem to be as much horse play.

THO YOU BELONG TO SOMEBODY ELSE



TONIGHT YOU BELONG TO ME!

THE BOOB'S LAMENT

I've taken my fun where I found it,
Been plastered both often and well.
Tho' at times I have done the most
heinous crimes,

I never did wrong by our Nell!

We were all at a great house-party,
My girl was by far the belle;
When a snake in the grass with
eyes like green grass
Crept around and did wrong by
our Nell.

Appearing with looks most dis-
tracted,
She ran to me, startled, to tell
The story so old of a man that
grew bold—
Such a fellow did wrong by our
Nell!

He got the girl tight so soundly—
She said 'twas first Heaven, then
Hell—
And then the big bum stole her
bottle of rum—
That's how he did wrong by our
Nell!

Prof—“When the Spaniards
came to explore the coast of Cali-
fornia, why did they not make use
of the Panama Canal?”

Lehigh Frosh—“They didn't
know it existed.”

TOM ROVER AT THE FRAT DANCE or WHO FILCHED THE WOMAN

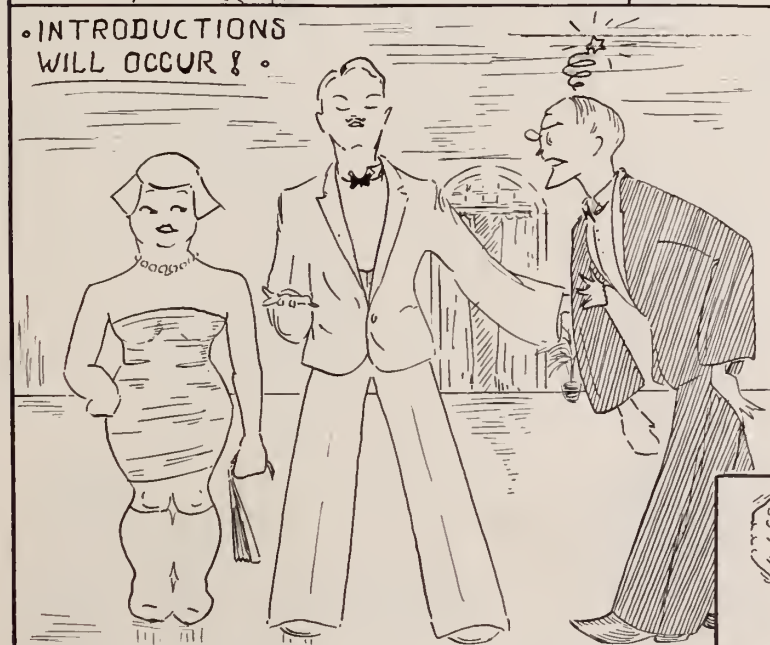
Just as Aurora's rosy fingers crept over the frat house in its nocturnal stillness, a thick voice ejaculated, “Dear me! Does anyone know the whereabouts of my Pearl? Only at ten o'clock I bade her goodnight, and she gave my hand a little squeeze, but I know her to be a good girl, so I forebore. And just now, when I looked in her bed, she was not there.” Tom Rover stopped to listen. A sound vibrated his tympanum. There

was a rustling in the adjacent room—a rustling of silk—a shot gurgled down—then all was silent. Tom Rover was electrified. But he did not scurry to his room. Not he! He clenched his fists, swallowed his teeth, and braced himself for a gruelling fray for the sake of one whom he cherished sacredly. With an initial bound, Tom Rover dashed madly across the expansive oaken floor, only to stop dead in his tracks, frozen by a shrill

scream and the sickening sensation of broken glass underfoot. He knew not whether to pause and gather up the fragments, or pursue his quest.

Tom was startled from his quandary by a bright flash of light. There in the middle of the same expansive oaken floor was his Pearl, his trusted room mate, and a broken bottle.

(Continued on page 32)





AFTER THE BATTLE, BROTHER!

SO SAY WE ALL

*Here's to the chaperon,
May she learn from Cupid
Just enough blindness
To be sweetly stupid.*

Joe Mope says: If the devil
were to lose his tail he could get a
new one at my speak easy—the
worst of spirits are retailed there.

THE GUSHING VIOLET

*She flaunts a skirt cut rather high,
And quite a length of hose,
The Party Girl is seldom shy,
However shy of clothes.*

"Darling, if you let me take you
out tonight, I'll swear I'll be
good."

"Oh Tom, please don't swear."

THE POPULAR PROM GIRL

She couldn't dance;
She couldn't talk;
She wouldn't drink;
She wouldn't walk;
But she was awfully popular.

ODE

O femme for the dance
To be.
No Saturday classes
For me.
Though the Prom shall cost me mon
And the rye shall help the fun,
I will find my frau—the one
To come with me.

I shall know her where she goes—
Not alone.
With the powder on her nose
Far from gone.
I shall know her by her grace,
By her short skirts and her face;
I shall hold her for a space—
All my own.

Mary—"What makes you think
that the Puritans had vanity
cases?"

Lou—"D'ye never hear of the
Mayflower Compact?"

GETTING THE BREAKS

Smot—"Got a 7 in Met. prob-
lems."

Crek—"That's good!"

Smot—"Not so good,—cribbed
to get it."

Crek—"That's bad!"

Smot—"Not so bad,—had the
Prof.'s solution."

Crek—"That's good!"

Smot—"Not so good,—mis-
laid his papers."

Crek—"That's bad!"

Smot—"Not so bad,—the next
assignment was with 'em."

Crek—"That's good!"

Smot—"Good! Hell! That's
perfect!"

TOM SWIFT AND HIS MECHANICAL PROM GIRL

“Bless my love life!” cried old Mr. Damon, “I’ve never seen anything like it before.”

But Tom had counted on surprising his father's old friend, and he kept still while the eccentric old gentleman examined his latest startling invention.

"Does it work, Tom?" he asked.

“It certainly does, Mr. Damon. Here—I’ll show you. Sit down and put your arm around it. There is an ingenious device in it which guesses your age by the manner of your embrace, and your touch puts the cogs in operation. There it goes. Hear it? It works!’”

The mechanical beauty opened

her mouth, turned her face to Mr. Damon, lowered her eyelids, and spoke, "Are you a senior? My. I'm hungry. I think it's wonderful to be distinguished looking, don't you?——"

Mr. Damon was blushing furiously, so Tom turned it off. "See!" he cried, "I've done it. I'll be rich!"

“Yon certainly will, Tom. Turn it on again.”

“All right. But I’ll try it myself this time.” And Tom approached the girl, too interested to notice the old fellow’s disappointment. He took its hand and spoke, “May I have this dance?” The

mechanical head lowered coyly and a rich voice trilled, "Oh, I'd be delighted. I think it's wonderful to be distinguished looking, don't you? You're an alumnus aren't you? My, I'm thirsty!——"

"Well, bless my sex-appeal," interrupted Mr. Damon in a crest-fallen tone. "It's the real thing!"

Tom switched her off and sat her down again. "Yes, she's the real thing. She only lacks one quality, and I'll see Elinor Glyn about that."

Joe Mope says: Until a girl settles down Pop settles up.



DIANA OF THE TEA HOUNDS



COLD DOPE



Have you heard the latest news? The movie companies are planning to scour the colleges for promising young screen material. A local townsman has predicted that Ben Turpin will be out of a job in three months. Please excuse your humble servant from contradicting the above opinion—he begs merely to extend to Mr. Turpin his heartfelt sympathy if they ever begin to scour the faculties.

— o —

House Party at Hiccup College is in full swig. Dainty damsels dash demurely around till one almost desires suicide, or murder—done with a bottle applied to the cranium. But as usual at such affairs the first night was sublimely salubrious. It was only a Prom; but what a Prom! Since dresses are unfortunately in style this year, nobody expected such a gorgeous glorification of the American girl cockeyed. I'm telling the naked truth—it was a sight for blind men. Dancers sway at the usual college function, but here at Hiccup none of that was necessary. The floor swayed and the dancers held on. How they held on doesn't matter.

— o —

One of February's alumni sent us a letter which aroused all the longings of a cornered sole. The young gentleman has been grafting a living for two months now, and he writes:

"This morning I came to work at eight thirty instead of seven



A.M. The boss madly informed me that he was 'going to put a stop to this!' Poor fool, he doesn't know that I've been trying to do the same thing all my life.

"Things haven't changed much since you were here. The empty Gordon water bottles continue to accumulate. Betty, Charlotte and Irene are the old stand-bys. Inasmuch as I work every other night and don't have much money, I have few opportunities to cheat on them."

There must be something in this alumni business.

— o —

"One of the brothers told his Prom girl that a single kiss took three minutes off one's life."

"Yes, go on."

"And she dropped dead."

Hiccup College is doing rather well, thank you. The enrollment has jumped to three hundred and we expect a lot more next year. We think the college is popular because an entirely new plan of education is being practised—There is no faculty.

Every successful business man attributes his success to the hard knocks of experience. "The Lord helps those who help themselves," he says. And he is right. Here at Hiccup the men help themselves. Why, sometimes the demand is so great one has to fight for it.

— o —

Where there's a still there's a sway.

— o —

For information of anyone interested, an admirable conclusion about Allentown and Bethlehem girls is to be found in the Bible—thirteenth chapter, eighth verse of Hebrews.

— o —

A young fellow from Hiccup contributed a brand new mixture to the curriculum. Of course no one drinks any more, so it is interesting only from an historical standpoint, because he advises the use of Scotch. Who ever heard of Scotch, anyway.

For More

OLD FASHIONED PROM GIRL

Buxom bosom tightly bound,
Talkth with lithp whenever wound.
Shiny nose and baby stare,
Yeller flower in her hair.
Modest as the garden rose?
Don't ask me. Ask Dad, he knows.

AN ENGINEER IS A COL-
LEGE GRADUATE WITHOUT
ANY KNOWLEDGE OF THE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

*All that I have, in sooth, I owe to
you—
My best silk shirt, my ties of giddy
hue.
My trunk; egad, the roof above my
head,
The pictures on the wall, and e'en
the bed.
What paltry wherewithal is in my
purse
Is yours. It's slighness of amount
I curse
Because, and were it more, I'd
gladly pay
To you the debt I've owed full
many a day.
All that I have, in sooth, I owe to
you
If I don't pay my six weeks' board
that's due.*

A wise House Party girl never
blows her "knows."

**NEW DRIVING RULE ON
LEHIGH CAMPUS**

All cars must come to a complete
stop before starting again.

The colored lady went into a
drug store and asked for one cent's
worth of insect powder.

"But that isn't enough to wrap
up," objected the clerk.

"Man," she explained patient-
ly, "Ah ain't askin' you-all to
wrap it up; jes' blow it down mah
back."



College Boy—"When my father
was born, they say he weighed only
three pounds."

Prom Girl—"Goodness, and did
he live?"

As Judge Jr. would have it—
"Spaghetti—no end!"
Were you ever out with the girl

ILLUMINATION

Wine: "Don't ever darken the
doors of this fraternity again!"

Glass: "I'm not darkenin' your
damn ol' doors; I'm all lit up!"



"What's that gasping I hear?"
"It's only Harry. He's sitting
out."

THE LIFE

Were you ever out with the girls
from home
When the moon was full and
clear,
And the Lehigh Valley hemmed
you in
With a silence you most could
hear.

With only the sigh of the girl so
close
As you look at the moon above—
A happy boy in a lovely world
Gone mad for this thing called
love.

Sitting still with your courage
gone,
Wanting a moment of bliss,
Waiting and hoping the chance to
come
To give her the night's first kiss.
You smile a bit as your mind is
made
And you look at her waist so
thin;
Your heart is set, but you hear her
say,
"It is cold—we had better go
in."

BEWARE OF THE GIRL
WHO SAYS "WELL, WELL,
WELL," SHE IS DEEP!



HERE'S TO A ROUSING HOUSE PARTY, FELLOWS!

Ruby and her fellow are dancing, but the stirring music is the only thing that keeps the loving couple out of jail.

"This is absolutely pure, bottled in bond, Johnny Walker. A friend of mine just brought it back on the boat. But you better keep it in a lead bottle."

CHICKEN FEED NO LONGER MEANS SMALL CHANGE. IT OFTEN AMOUNTS TO \$50 AN EVENING.

Ham Actor—"In the last act, when I sang my death song, the whole audience wept."

Critic—"That's because they knew it was a fake."

Women are just like flowers; when they fade, they dye.

RESUME—A DIALOGUE

SUBSCRIBER

Don't you ever tire of the same old stuff? Why not run something interesting this month?

EDITOR

What, for example?

SUBSCRIBER

Well, suppose you disclose a few of the injustices on the campus, say, compulsory drill.

EDITOR

Oh, we couldn't offend the military department.

SUBSCRIBER

Well, then, how about roasting the upperclassmen that walk on the grass?

EDITOR

People would say I'm a crank.

SUBSCRIBER

Why not a few words on requiring underclassmen to take English courses without credit?

EDITOR

Ah, but consider the benefit derived from studying under our splendid English instructors.

SUBSCRIBER

Then there is the pernicious practice of sending valentines home just before the holidays.

EDITOR

Yes, I could write an editorial on that. After all, though, it's our own good the dean has in mind.

SUBSCRIBER

Or you might make some terse comment on chapel service.

EDITOR

Heavens, man, we'd have no applicants for admission next fall.

SUBSCRIBER

Well, then perhaps faculty politics needs cleaning up.

EDITOR

But our faculty has no politics.

SUBSCRIBER

You've never written anything about the attitude of the administration toward football.

EDITOR

But the BURR wishes to cooperate with the administration in all matters.

SUBSCRIBER

That reminds me—how about the number of athletes that flunk out every term?

EDITOR

Oh, well, we have too many athletes anyway.

SUBSCRIBER

Have you got a band?

(Editor's Note—An editorial quite similar to this appeared in the "Sun Dial".)

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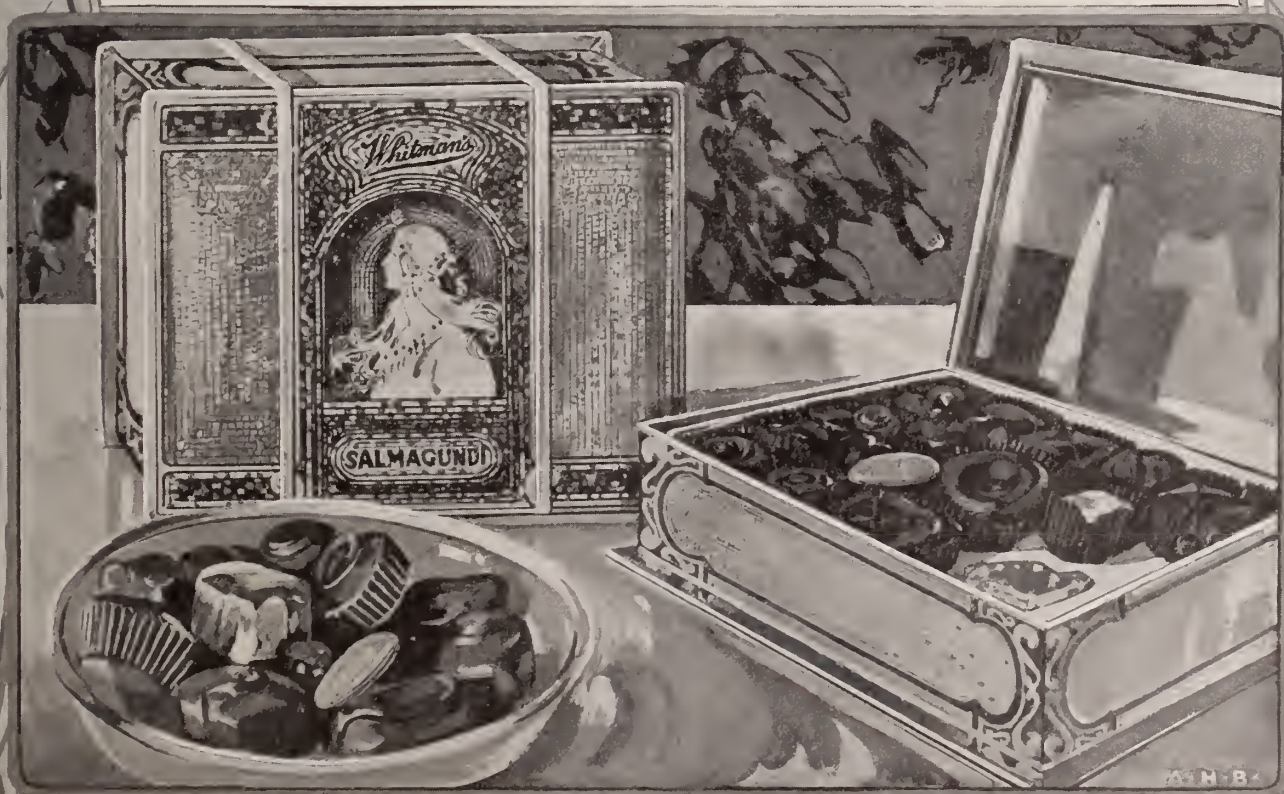
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April 23rd

Can You Afford to Play Bridge?



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Do you know—instantly—when you dare to bid on a four-card suit?

Do you think that you must never overcall or double a no-trumper on the right? Or do you know some exceptions?

Can you play a sound game when such variants as contract bridge, or three-handed bridge, are proposed?

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Theatres: Stars in their ascendant, comedy in its glory. The season's successes, and why. Special photographs.

Night Life: Whatever is new among the crowd who regard dawn as something to come home in.

Golf: Taken seriously by experts. Bernard Darwin, regularly. How to break ninety. With photographs.

Movies: Hollywood's high lights. The art of the movies—if any. And photographs—ah-h!

Bridge: The chill science in its ultimate refinements. How to get that last trick. Foster writing.

Fashions: The mode for men who consider it self-respecting to be well-groomed. Current college preferences.

Music: Classical, cacophone, saxophone. Personalities and notoriety. Critiques. Photographs.

Art: New schools and how to rate them. Sound work and how to appreciate it. Exhibits and masterpieces.

Sports: News of racquet and putter, turf and track. By those who lead the field.

Letters: New essayists and satirists. Brilliant fooling. Lions photographed with their manes.

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FIVE YEARS, TOO

"How come you call your car 'Abie's Irish Rose'?"

"Well, it isn't any good, and yet it's still running."—*Brown Jug.*

SUBTLE

"Was that a good show you saw last night?"

"Sure! They had to lower the curtain every ten minutes to give the audience a chance to wink."—*Brown Jug.*

PLAZA-2725-2726

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GENERATIONS crowd each other. Love in these days! How different it is from the old and simple need for each other which primitive man and primitive woman experienced. How remote it is from the gilded captivity of chivalry.

Alec Waugh, whose novel begins in the May issue, is a young Englishman well launched on a meteoric literary career. Humorist, romanticist and realist, he is very definitely of this generation. While his story is laid in London, it is as true of New York or of Oskaloosa. The illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell help make it a panorama of modern fascination.

This issue also carries three very fine and authentic short stories: *The Count's China Teeth*, by Cyril Hume; *Mrs. Davenant's Diamonds*, by Stephen Vincent Benét, and *Don Juan's Rainy Day*, by Ben Hecht. O. O. McIntyre has closely epigrammed *Are College Flappers a Flop?*

An explanation is made of the elaborate and expensive preparations that have been made to discover new screen talent among the college men of America.

Above all, those crackling pages of campus fun which have given this magazine its distinctive character.

CollegeHumor

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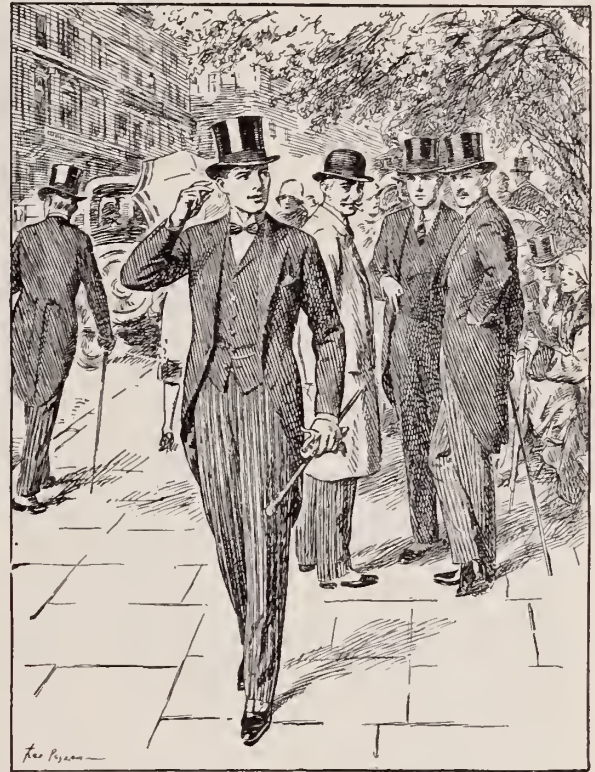
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Tom Rover at the Frat Dance or Who Filched the Woman?

(Continued from page 18)

"What are you doing here?" taunted Tom. "Oh, oh, oh, oh," sallied Pearl, "do not lose your temper." And then Pearl crimsoned girlishly. He remained stern. "Why are you not in your chamber?" Tom queried. And then Pearl chortled her innocence. She had merely been imbibing with his roommate to prevent his drinking it all up and getting drunk, but he had forestalled her and passed out in a most ungainly fashion, and she was trying to revive him. Tom Rover vociferated just as Calvin Coolidge would have done: "Your story may or may not be true. Go to bed."

The next morning when the campus tabloid appeared, Tom Rover was shown standing over the body of the cad whom he had struck down in defense of American girlhood. And thus Tom Rover became once more the hero of the college.

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